Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Seven;

OR, A

PICTURE

OF THE

MANNERS AND CHARACTER

OF

THE AGE.

In a Poetical Epiſtle from a Lady of Quality.

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris——— JUVENAL.

Shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe. POPE.

LONDON,
Printed for T. EVANS, near YORK-BUILDINGS, in the STRAND.
MDCCLXXVII.

THE SATIRIST;

OR,

CRITICISM,

WITH THE

MANNERS AND CHARACTERS

OF THE

AGE.

In a Poetical Epistle from a Lady of Quality.

Credo pudorem dum erit ista regio malorum

Si fieri ——— JUVENAL.

Shame fully as it flies,

And each the manners living as they rise. POPE.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR T. EVANS, near York-Street, Covent-Garden.

MDCCLXXVII.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

A Lady of Quality, in England,

TO

OMIAH, at OTAHEITE.

IF yet thy land preſerves Opano's name,
And Oberea pines with am'rous flame;
If yet untouch'd the ſacred bread-tree grows,
Which ſaw their tranſports, and retains their vows;
If joys remember'd rapture can impart,
And London lives within Omiah's heart;
Dear ſhall this greeting from thy Britain prove,
And dear theſe wiſhes of eternal love.

Ev'n in thy native iſle of ſport and dance,
Where pining Venus mourns the gifts of France;
Let theſe fond lines thy pleaſures paſt recall,
Cornelys' maſque, and ſuppers at Vauxhall;
The gentle frolicks, and the playful hours
Of Mitchel's ſanes, and Windſor's bliſsful bowers,
Where bright Eleves of Charlotte's myſtic ſchool
Entrance by method, and careſs by rule;
And laſt---the joys that RUFO's cares beguile,
His hymns, his catches, and his Clara's ſmile.
Oh true to pleaſure, ſtill may Rufo prove
The mingled charms of muſick and of love!
Nor cruel palſies ſtop the judging ear,
Nor envious age the myrtle garland tear!
For Britiſh navies own his forming hand,
And, lur'd by him---Omiah bleſt the land.
His gentle mind with poliſh'd arts he ſtor'd,
And ſtews, and palace, with his gueſt explor'd.
And ſay, Omiah! does thy heart complain
Of fates, which call'd thee to the Britiſh plain?

Canſt

Canſt thou forget what charms thy wiſhes crown'd?
What novel joys in known delights were found?
When ſtucco'd locks ambroſial miſts exhale,
What clouds of fragrance hov'ring loves regale!
The ſouthern maids ſuch piquant ſauces ſpare,
And poorly give you, naked Nature's fare:
Ah, diff'rent fare, by dames of Britain dreſt!
'Tis from their hautgout, banquets take their zeſt.

This beauteous portrait of our iſle behold,
Its joys, its licence, luxuries, and gold.
Theſe faithful lines ſhall tell thy native train,
What honours court them to the Britiſh plain.
Oh, may the picture tempt the youths to rove,
And bring their pleaſures, and their arts of love!
Let ſooty throngs the cream-fac'd courtier ſhame,
And ſouthern lovers glad the curious dame,
(Whoſe wide experience has already run
Thro' ev'ry climate under Arctic ſun)

With all their ſun-beams, boiling thro' the blood,
Th' inſtinctive rage, the paſſions of the wood.

Oh, form'd for pleaſure, and as kind as fair!
What maids on earth with Britiſh dames compare!
By Stanhope train'd, to pare their nails, and dance,
And ſchool'd in novels of luxurious France:
Each potent tome, that genial heat contains,
And ſubtle venom tingling thro' the veins,
Such glowing breath, as panting Venus figh'd,
When Mars enraptur'd on her boſom died.
Thence tender virgins catch the glorious rage,
The matron longings of experienc'd age:
Thence, taught the theory, to combat move,
Already diſciplin'd for feats of love.
Waft, kind tranſlators, waft from Gallia's ſhore
Immortal pages fraught with am'rous lore!
To lending libraries the tome ſhall haſte,
And many a virgin's midnight taper waſte.

While

While private friend to demi-rep is dear,
And careful parents tall Hibernian fear;
While cits the Change, while Floras love the Strand,
Courtiers a place, and monarchs to command;
On ev'ry toilet ſhall the volume lie,
And lend new ſparkles to the brighteſt eye;
Inſtruct the thoughtleſs, and the ſage inflame,
And quell the poor remains of vulgar ſhame;
While mounting blood, and working fancy league,
To ſpare the ſick'ning labour of intrigue,
And new-born fires the ſoul of ſoul explore,
Throb in the heart, and thrill in ev'ry pore.

Let common Venus rule with proud command,
One wide Seraglio be the bliſful land.
Shall vile reſerves the bounteous heart reſtrain?
Shall powers of pleaſing be conferr'd in vain?
Deſpiſe the curbs that petty ſpirits awe,
And ſtride, ye fair ones, o'er the bounds of law;
As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air,
Let glorious licence mark the Britiſh fair.

Domeſtic rigours wing their parting way,
The parent's mandate, and the huſband's ſway:
Domeſtic virtues (ſervile band) are fled,
And modeſt fear, and female honour dead.
The mild decorums, ev'n to lovers dear,
The virtuous ſorrow, and the graceful tear,
Unſpotted Truth, in orient bluſhes died,
And fair Sincerity, and decent Pride,
And virgin Innocence, in ſnowy ſtole,
Whoſe heav'nly magic charm'd the rudeſt ſoul,
Entam'd the fierceſt of the foreſt kind,
And (ſtill more mighty) man's unhallow'd mind;
Parental fondneſs, with a chaſte embrace,
Enraptur'd bending o'er a ſmiling race;
With filial piety, whoſe duteous cares
Can youthful gladneſs lend to hoary hairs;
Connubial Faith, that never knew diſguiſe;
And ſweet Affection, with her dove-like eyes;
The ſacred fires, which gods and men approve,
Which raiſe, and dignify the ſoul by love.

All theſe, of old, the Britiſh dame adorn'd,
Who lov'd her huſband, nor her houſhold ſcorn'd:
But now the tribe are vaniſh'd in deſpair,
Sublimer graces deck the modern fair.
Arcadian love (a puling boy) is flown,
More potent ANTEROS has fill'd the throne:
Thus ſea-coal fires a genial ray ſupply,
When Sol and Summer leave the weeping ſky.
A duteous train, attendant at his ſide,
See, want of ſhame exalted into pride;
The Gnomes, the Demons, and infernal Powers,
That dwell where Hymen chains the moping hours,
Where breaſts united ſever'd ſpirits hold,
And mutual hatred curſes luſt of gold;
The ſportive Elves, that tend th' experienc'd dame,
Who lives to love, and burns to quench her flame;
The menial friend†, that balms domeſtic ſtrife,
The yielding miſtreſs, and commanding wife;

† "He is an humble menial friend, ſuch as reconciles the differences of the "marriage-bed." WYCHERLY.

The

The thirſt of pleaſure, which enjoyment brings;
Th' heroic flame *, that haſtes to middle things;
Th' unſeemly wiſh, the petulant deſire,
The matron's wanderings, and the widow's fire;
Diſhonour, in tranſparent gauzes dreſt,
With wanton action, and diſorder'd breaſt;
The ſatyr Impudence, expos'd and bare;
Deſpair of honour; Honour in deſpair;
The graceful anger, and the fine-wrought wile;
The pregnant whiſper, and inſtructive ſmile;
The happy boldneſs, and the deep diſguiſe;
Preventive chidings, and unſtudied lies;
Profuſion wild, that caſts (a hood-wink'd dame)
Her purſe to ſharpers, and to fools her fame.
Here Circe's train, and routs of Comus dwell,
And tipſey Revel hears the midnight bell,
In ſecret orgies of the witching hour,
When zealous Cot'ries deep libations pour;

* Semper ad eventum feſtinat, et in *medias* res
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit. HOR.

But

But leſt intruſion ſhould the rights profane,
A *licens'd* Clodius joins the pious train.
In naked ſtrength the vig'rous paſſions ſtand,
The foibles hover round, a childiſh band,
With ſilken wings, that glance a thouſand dyes,
Camelion-change in ſpots of butterflies.
Such charms as theſe our modern females dreſs,
And give the talents with the will to bleſs;
Talents, not poorly buried in the grave,
But nobly laviſh'd while their lovers crave.
Theſe, join'd with Plutus, bowers of bliſs prepare
For all who greatly ſpend, and bravely dare;
The giddy brain with ſweet delirium fill,
Leap in the heart, and in the ſpirits thrill.
No cold reſerves the genial heat deſtroy,
Or ſtrew with thorns the beaten path of joy.
Like thiſtle down, that, borne with ev'ry blaſt,
At random floats, and ſticks where'er 'tis caſt;
The maiden's wiſh o'er all the ſpecies roves,
'Tis not her lover, but a Man ſhe loves.

Plum'd for occaſion, flutt'ring with deſires,
She flies to ſate the paſſions ſhe inſpires.
Hers, are the freedoms of the midnight dance,
The ſqueeze, the whiſper, and the meaning glance;
Hers, ſweet contorſions, playful kitten arts,
The cobweb ſpringes for unwary hearts,
The ſtudied chance where ſecret charms appear,
Alluring languors, and enticing leer.

Nor uſeleſs ſhe, the dame, that fond and old,
Is doom'd to buy the cordial drop with gold,
Whoſe early days in ſoft intrigues were paſt,
Whoſe nobler frolicks dignify her laſt.
Fled are the dimpled ſmiles, the youthful grace,
But charms more ſolid ripen in the place.
The vernal pride, the roſeate blooms are loſt,
But mellow fruits endear the hoary froſt.
Her ready kindneſs ſpares the baſhful pain,
When doubts and fears the bluſhing boy reſtrain:

She

She ſaves the youth, whom want and paſſion goad
To ſeek his deſp'rate pittance on the road;
The howling heath he leaves to whirlwinds bare,
And kindred worthies, ominous in air;
While, led from cells where dinnerleſs he pines,
She bids him labour in exhauſtleſs mines:
A ſure exchequer to the ſons of play,
The Chaplain's benefice, and Enſign's pay.
The dame, like Fortune, with her purſe appears,
Athletic merit from the duſt ſhe rears,
Her own cockade is to the monarch's turn'd,
And gaudy liv'ries for brocades are ſpurn'd.
She guides to licit or illicit bed,
She makes a huſband, or ſhe plants his head,
She lends apartments, aſſignations forms,
Averts ſuſpicion, lulls the jealous ſtorms;
An am'rous Satellite, but ſun no more!
Attends the lover, whom ſhe rul'd before,
Conducts the yielding fair-one's timid ſtep,
And ſets in bawd, who roſe in demi-rep.

Some

Some ſtatue thus, the garden's ancient boaſt,
Of naked Venus, ſmirking at the froſt,
Or bounteous Ceres, with her wheaten crown,
Defac'd by truants, or by time caſt down;
Not exil'd wholly from the pleaſure ground,
(Tho' noſeleſs now, and ſomewhat batter'd found)
O'er ſtable-gate, or kennel-door preſides,
Or baſhful gueſt to ſqualid temple guides.

With wanton grace the maid and matron rove,
And challenge man to gentle fights of love.
No niggard arts the gifts of Nature hide;
Scarce one poor fig-leaf is indulg'd to pride;
The daring eye may range without controul,
While looſe attire beſpeaks th' unguarded ſoul;
And woman lightens on the kindling view,
As Indians frank---as Indians naked too.
Shall man be cold, when all this waſte of charms
Awakes, invites, allures him to her arms?

See,

See, bold-fac'd loves each thin diſguiſe withdraw,
Each decent veil that baſhful fools might awe!
Shall all theſe treaſures be diſplay'd in vain?
Riſe and be MEN, ye Macaroni train!
Let cries of joy the wide Pantheon rend,
And all our ſports like thoſe of Neptune end *;
Our theatres revive the Roman games,
And Britiſh wives be bleſt as Sabine dames †.
Our virtuous women, (unrelenting race)
An orphan crew, the venal beauties chace;
Each 'ill-ſtarr'd wench,' too poor to keep her fame,
And ſave her character, yet loſe her ſhame.
Our pious wives, to ſpoil the wanton's trade,
Uſurp her enſigns, and her arts invade;
Her ſnares, her engines, and her little arms,
Her bold advances, and parade of charms;

* Sports of Equeſtrian Neptune, exhibited by Romulus.

† Mr. Addiſon, in one of his Eſſays, ſays, that whenever he ſaw any of the Comedies of the laſt age acted, he was always alarmed for the female part of the audience, and expected that the exhibition would conclude, (like the entertainment given by Romulus and his followers to the Sabine ladies) in a general rape.

Her boundleſs loves which band could never hold,
Her garb, her manners, and her thirſt of gold.
Ungen'rous toil! to rob the friendleſs bands
And ſnatch the hard-earn'd morſel from their hands.
Why ſhould we force the wretched train to hide
Each tempting grace, that daily bread ſupply'd!
Some ſign of trade, ſome ſignal to deſire,
Should mark the ſubjects of a tranſient fire.
The decent habit and the modeſt air
Are now the ſymbols of the venal fair;
While naked charms and high-born want of ſhame
Denote the matron of UNSULLIED FAME.

Strong as the plants of flaming Indian ſkies,
A vig'rous growth, exub'rant follies riſe,
In rich profuſion riſe, luxuriant waſte,
Exhaling ripeneſs, and inſtinct with taſte.
Oh London! nurſe of ſweet alluring arts,
That bend the proudeſt, thaw the coldeſt hearts;

Thy

Thy naked loves are ever on the wing,
Occaſions teem, temptations hourly ſpring;
Where'er abroad the virgin throws her eye,
Some ſcruples periſh, or ſome virtues die;
All, all ſhe ſees th' expanding mind inflame,
And ev'ry object is a ſtab to fame.
Bear me, ye powers of midnight ſport, along,
And join your votariſt to the courtly throng,
Where Vice and Folly mingled charms diſpenſe,
And bland amuſements free from ſhame and ſenſe!
Bear me to NAT'RAL-ARTIFICIAL grove,
Where ſcented fountains murmur tales of love;
Where happy Nabobs plume their ſilken wings,
And Britiſh rapine wears the ſpoil of kings;
Where, imp'd by faſhion, Grubs from 'Change aſpire,
And Jews converted ape the Chriſtian's fire;
Where bleſt occaſions ripe deſires befriend,
And, fed by Bacchus, genial heats aſcend.
There let Cornelys wave her potent wand,
And ſcenes of Faëry riſe at her command.

Be monſtrous ſhapes of fabled legend there,
Let motly nations in her train appear.
No jealous eye purſue th' enamour'd pair,
No ſurly guardian check the yielding fair;
Let bland enjoyments crown the lover's rage,
And chear with ſons the hoary bridegroom's age.
Come, ſouthern youths! theſe happy ſeats explore,
New pleaſures wait you on Britannia's ſhore.
What fair Armidas call from ev'ry ſtrand!
What bowers of dalliance riſe along the land!
Here ſhall ye thrive, by novelty endear'd,
With preſents honour'd, and with banquets chear'd;
The genial toil, no barren labour, prove,
For kindneſs crowns, and wealth attends your love,
The brighteſt ſmiles ſhall gild you with their rays,
And coſtly trifles wing your various days;
The ſofteſt ſports your happy nights ſhall bleſs,
And puny ſoldiers vainly dance and dreſs.
Your kind invention ſhall our taſte befriend,
And new-born ſprings to jaded pleaſure lend;

Reform

Reform our boards, our gourmandiſe refine,
And teach an alderman with goût to dine.
The London Tavern new ragouts ſhall boaſt,
And feaſt of turtle yield to maſtiff roaſt;
While grateful Britain, in return, imparts
Her glorious av'rice to barbarian hearts.
Almighty, unremitting, unallay'd,
Immortal thirſt the boſom ſhall pervade;
For gold, for gold, the gen'ral rage prevail,
And maids no more be barter'd for a nail.
Two fiends with joint and ſovereign ſway ſhall reign,
The love of pleaſure, and the love of gain,
And full, and perfect, as in Britiſh ſoul,
Abſorb all feelings, and all aims controul.
From arts of Europe, heat of ſouthern climes,
What full-blown luxuries! what glorious crimes!
Haſte, gentle youths! to guide our revels haſte,
Give the laſt poliſh to the ſons of taſte.
Cornelys then ſhall new reſources boaſt,
And catch th' inventions of Omiah's coaſt,

Luxurious feasts by bleſt Opano ſeen,
Inſtructive pageants of an am'rous queen.
Its pretty traders ſhall deſert the Strand,
And vig'rous chairmen grapple with the band;
While P------T * and RUFO from an orange grove,
Direct the toil, and give the prize of love.

In that bleſt dome, where well-bred mummers croud,
Shall dullneſs, ſpite, and ribaldry be loud;
There Mitchell's penitents, a hallow'd race,
And Roman veſtals from St. James's place,
There queens ſhall throng with Quakers, landry-maids,
Nymphs, ſibyls, virgins from Arcadian ſhades,
Embrios and ideots, friars, eremites,
Jews, Jentoos, ſhoe-boys, brachmans, ſages, knights:
Some driv'lers, dreſt for Grecian ſages, ſtare,
Some, more judicious, ſeem the thing they are;
As grooms or pedlars, titled ſlaves advance,
With genuine witches real fatyrs dance;

* Miſs P——t, formerly Lady L——r.

In

In chaos mixt, deſpiſing decent rules,
The jumbled atoms of a world of fools.

While cares, like theſe, reform the maſquerade,
Say, ſhall Religion want your friendly aid?
Some glorious minds have old beliefs o'erthrown,
But fail'd to give us new ones of their own.
O'erwhelm'd too long by Superſtition's dream,
Ev'n ladies now, to ſhew their wit, blaſpheme.
Since Aſhley's teſt, the Templar's patriot toil,
Have chac'd the Goſpel fairly from the ſoil;
In hallow'd miſſions let your prieſts engage,
And new religions glad this ſceptic age;
Enlighten'd creeds, that modiſh vices ſpare,
Commodious, purg'd from prieſtcraft and from prayer.

Hark to my call, ye ſouls of noble fires!
Whom birth emboldens, and whom taſte inſpires.
Bee-like, my muſe purſues her devious way,
To glean inſtructions for the fair and gay.

Omiah's

Omiah's iſle her beſt regards employs,
Its leagues of love, and commonwealth of joys*.
Illuſtrious train! whoſe vaſt invention ſhames
The nobleſt licence of our modiſh dames;
Hail, happy few! whom clearer views refine,
Exalted ſpirits, touch'd with ray divine.
The courtly fair, and high-born ſtripplings rove,
In bleſt alliance of promiſcuous love;
They ſhun the curſe domeſtic drudges bear,
And taſte the ſocial bliſs without a fear.
The couch of joy from vile reſtraint is free'd,
The little tell-tales of its pleaſures bleed.
No maid is toaſted in Omiah's land,
Nor youth in faſhion, till he joins their band.
They give the ton, o'er etiquette preſide,
Direct amuſements, and opinions guide,
Hear their bon-mots retail'd from town to town,
And teach the publick when to ſmile or frown.

* Vide in Hawkſworth's Voyages an account of a moſt extraordinary aſſociation.

'Tis

'Tis theirs alone with dignity to range,
Where female honour is eternal change;
The various paths of pleaſure, and of fame,
Disjoin'd for others, are for them the ſame.
Fate leads the moments with auſpicious hand,
And rival copies ſoon ſhall bleſs our land.
A BANK OF LOVE our courtly fair ſhall plan,
And ev'ry woman FUND a proper man.
May no diſeaſe th' unbounded joys invade,
Nor ghaſtly ſurgeon haunt the bliſsful ſhade!
Let male and female, old and young reſort,
To woe the goddeſs of nocturnal ſport;
Intruding babes ſhall bleed as ſoon as born,
And pleaſure bloom diveſted of its thorn;
No titled dames at maſquerades ſhall ply,
Or keep an office where their ſilks they buy;
No peereſs now be common on the town,
Or rudely violate ſome country clown;
With peace and honour ſhall they ſate their rage,
And love in comfort to a good old age.

Is there a matron of illuſtrious blood,
Who much has ſeen, has felt, and underſtood,
Whoſe youth exhauſted, and whoſe age ſuſtains
The charming warfare of the Cyprian plains;
Pleas'd let her graſp a ſceptre of command,
The female Solon of a duteous band;
The vaſt experience of her age unfold,
And riſing ſtates with practis'd wiſdom mold.
Some badge of order ſhall the train adorn,
On ev'ry fair and noble boſom worn,
Expreſſive emblem priz'd o'er ſtars and ſtrings,
The price of patriots, and the coin of kings.
Fancy for them ſhall pour her various ſtore,
And frolics charm, when pleaſures pleaſe no more:
Their midnight orgies ſhall the decent fright,
And Morning bluſh to ſee the deeds of Night;
While glad Profuſion all her bounty ſhowers
On altars ſacred to voluptuous powers;
Whate'er of liquid, mounting whimſey fires,
Whate'er of viand goads the dull deſires,

Whate'er forbids the Paphian feaſt to cloy,
And opes, when Nature locks, the ſource of joy.
In cloudy ſtate, ſhall tipſy Comus ſit,
And Smut and Laughter hold the place of Wit,
Or ſong deſcriptive, where the muſes rove
In broadeſt comment o'er the text of love.
The deep carouſe let Temereedees grace,
'Till am'rous tumults flaſh in ev'ry face.

Such arts of pleaſure ſhall thy land impart;
Gods!---how the proſpect tingles at my heart!
The darling hope inſpires a ſubtle flame,
It throbs, it vibrates thro' my ſhatter'd frame.
Come, blooming youths! to chear our am'rous dearth,
As genial ſhowers refreſh the gaping earth;
Or copious dew from urn of Maia wells
On drooping flowers, and bids them ope their bells.
Nature and Art our ſouls in vain adorn,
The ſober fear us, Macaronies ſcorn;

That

That hateful race, diſgraceful to our age,
Nor beauty warms, nor kindneſs can engage.
Cold without prudence; lawleſs without fire;
Proud without worth; debauch'd without deſire;
Rich without wealth; aſpiring without aim;
Tho' laviſh, greedy; vain, tho' void of ſhame.
Freſh from their brain, the changeful faſhions ſpring,
And, imp'd by them, the frolicks ſpread the wing;
To various fame by various paths they tend,
Th' abſurd in all, the common means and end.
Are theſe the men, theſe fading forms of air,
To bound the wiſhes of a Britiſh fair!
Hence, ſhadows, hence! unreal mockries rove,
Diſgrace of manhood, and deſpair of love!
The maid's reproaches and the matron's gibe,
To caves and wilds ſhall hunt the baneful tribe;
Still may deriſion wait the female's pain
Who looks for joy from ſuch a flimzy train.

Come

Come then, ye ſons of Nature, and reſtore
The race of love, or pleaſure is no more.
Our ſilken youths for you ſhall croſs the line,
To dreſs your females and your boards refine;
Each travell'd peer ſhall bleſs you in his tour
With arts of play, and ſecrets of amour.
Yours, be our feathers, tinſels, paints, and lies,
Our playful frolicks, and our deep diſguiſe:
Ours, be that want of feeling, or that pride,
Which bravely boaſts what common mortals hide.
In pleaſure's ſources, what a gainful trade!
Of mutual ſcience, what exchanges made!
Then ſhall perfection crown each noble heart,
When ſouthern paſſions mix with northern art;
Like oil and acid blent in ſocial ſtrife,
The poignant ſauce to ſeaſon modiſh life.

THE END.

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